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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO THE OLD YEAR.

Departing Year, Farewell!
With thee the various events of by-past time,
Are in oblivion's grave entombed forever;
Even the merry song, thy parting knell
Preaching that thou'll return—no, never.

Indulge my Muse in Retrospection sweet,
I would to render thy memory true;
Inhale the soft odour of Time's flowers,
Whose rich perfume we ne'er again will meet.

Alas! my youthful lyre
Is feeble—from its chords I cannot ring
Strains, such as older hands inspire;
Such as I fail would give—ye cannot sing.

Oh! on aspiring wing, my Muse ascend!
Now give a loud, a bold and fearless strain;
Chain thy sweet sister for a guiding friend,
And tune my timbrel, humble harp again.

Morts! while gaily
Send a joyful strain,
'Tis Creation's joyous holiday,
Inspire with joy each palpitating heart,
And bid it never from that seat depart.

I saw gay Spring, o'er mountain and thro' vale,
Coming in her garments green and gay;
Her odours wafted by gentle zephyr wing,
While zealous birds in daily song around her play.
I saw the flowers spring, and bloom and thrive,
And yet those flowers do no longer live.

I saw fair Spring and all her sweets soon fade,
And sultry Summer in her place appear,
When from the heat, in some retired shade,
The sun-burnt labourer took his mid-day cheer;
And I saw Summer, with all his heat,
She had no more to offer, yet return again!

The golden Autumn came—all halfed with glee
The yellow golden—song and dance went round!
All cheerily began, in harvest, began—
And all trip lightly o'er the verdant ground;
Yet Autumn faded—heavy Winter came;
And left us but the memory of her name!

In Winter, joy doth on the bosom warm,
Until reflection bringeth to our mind,
How cold and dreary is the season of sorrow,
How bitter, and scarce a pitying heart can find.

Wilt even now find Charity's soft power,
Again farewell, thou now departed Year,
What canst thou, still mortal, hold in store?
Altho' thou'rt but a spirit, thou'rt return again!

SELM.

SONG.

Deep down in the ocean there lies a green way,
Where the water snakes glide, and the sea-urchins play;
When the terrors of the ocean meet, with their thin water-guns,
And their robes of fresh seaweed, disposed round their limbs.

2.

Oh! silently, coldly, they move through their cave,
With their hair, like green streamers, dispersed in the wave;
And when their lovers awake in those lone ocean-cells,
With whom they have awaked in those lone ocean-cells.

3.

They catch not a beam of the moon or the sun;
Or the stars on the planets, they never see one;
But thousands of roaching insects are there,
Like those that we see in our own upper air.

4.

They hear not the zephyrs; they smell not the flowers;
They fly not for cool in their green and their bower;
They have not a love, a longing, a yearning now;
Save that which the Lord hath raised up in their heart.

5.

We cannot see them, who sink in their wave,
And find, where they govern, an empire, a grave;
Let around them roll the ocean; let them crowd,
And give up their seaweed to form him a shroud.

M.

TO MISS T*****.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre the plaintive moan
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan,
And when heiv's monach seiz'd his heireuse wife,
Was music charms de—her muse redeem'd her life.

Yet 'tis whose blithes thoughts imp're.

Heiv's in song, 'midst the wild, where the lyre,
Rains my blithe thoughts, like a summer shower,
To rive's handmaid, and at beauty's shrine,
Yes—I would sing, and seek the muse's throng.

All emotions to let loose in madison song,
Laid me low, and here the shrines, the charms,

To chide dear e'r thy fascinating charms,
Divinely sweet, does Sarach's charms possess,

Steeping each sense in heaven and happiness,

With her, the world's in paradise, while she's here,
Which stells the affections; while it charms the sense.

Her open look, her soft yet speaking eye,

Her sprightly sallies, grace, simplicity form'd,
With every bright exalt'd virtue warn'd.

Call me not blithe, when with warmth I praise,

A like, though though, a like, a like, a like,

But I must praise in earnest, or be dumb,

Accept then Sarach, with a kind intent,

So my heart, though though, though though, is still content,

Just correction my proud, pris'ne heart,

Our wish to shine the Poet—but the Friends

A.

STANZAS.

1.

—*On Phœbus' car* through stormy skies,
—er bright Olympian fury lies.

2.

—*As Phœbus' steeds* their fiery tire;

The lesser planets shrink in awe,
Retire, nor dare oppose his awe,

Or hear his scouring fire.

3.

Just when the western ocean's breast,
Affords no sheltered moment's rest,

And night maintains her sway;

When darkness veils with gloom the earth,
'Tis then the stars receive their birth,

And shade with genial ray.

4.

So have I seen the sun's life,

Yielding the vain and fruitless strife,

To be on earth renowned,

More splendid suns their beauties hide;

More glittering heroes deck'd in pride,

With pomp and power are crowned.

5.

But when their plies set in Dæan,

Their power is wasted with their breath,

And darkness shrouds their shade;

—*Then with pure and heavenly ray,*

Heavens shall change the night to day,

And never, never, fade.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THE DISTRESSED WIDOW.

A reasonable Hint to the Friends of Humanity.

Turn not your eyes so happy, from my door;

Nor shun the widow—sheep not me;

Once better days were mine: false friends obeyed,

My invitations, and o'er me paid,

My heart could then no needier afford,

And then I had my only closest friend,

That heart with genial warmth no longer glows;

That board no more the splendid banquet show'd,

For'd with these bakes the coarsest food to share,

That is our lot, and scanty is our fare,

Let her be kind, and my best friend,

Maternal joys (her offspring at her bairn)

To mild compassion's power her heart assign,

And for a moment think on me and mine,

Compe' me my bairns for a' to quit,

Soon shall thy bairns be pale and wan;

curiosity with an account of my own person and situation, but shall at some future period lay before them all that they can know of me with advantage. That I have seen much of what is called "life," and "the world," they will discover as we become better acquainted; and that I can be a very agreeable old fellow, on proper occasions, you will no doubt discover, by their eagerness to see the sheets that contain my lucubrations. On the present occasion, (as the wind is easterly) I feel a leaning towards the serious and useful; and as I am in the habit of following the bent of my humor, I shall lay before you what I have thought.

The "cane of criticism" has often been satirized, its various disengages exposed, and subjected to ridicule and contempt; but the mischief produced by pretenders to critical discrimination, is much greater than is generally supposed, and deserves more frequent and pointed castigation than it has generally received. The evil it produces is of comparatively slight consequence in long established and opulent communities, where the means of forming correct judgments are more widespread in every one's reach; but in our country, where a much greater latitude is allowed to persons who undertake to decide on the excellence or defects of different productions of art or science, the injury is frequently of the greatest magnitude, and may continue to operate long after the originator may have passed into his merited oblivion.

It has been properly remarked, that men are more desirous to obtain credit for matters entirely out of the range of their peculiar studies, than for excellence in the departments they are known to have most labored. Many who are among the first in a respectable profession, are frequently found dabbling in others, and we see them prouder of their borrowed plumage, than of the real acquisitions made in their own provinces. This disposition sometimes makes doctors turn sportsmen, metamorphose lawyers into mechanics, and architects and reverend divines into exponents of "BEGUIN'S" Domestic Medicine, or the equally sapient, though thicker volume of "THOMAS' PRACTICE."

We may readily ascertain what a man is most deficient in, by observing what he most unceasingly pretends to. Those who are thoroughly conversant with any art or science, are least solicitous to convince others of their superiority, knowing that the reality of their attainments will be perceived and admitted on all proper occasions, while the pretender is continually betraying himself by his eagerness to start objections, to controvert the statements, or decry the inventions of others.

Some professions are more exposed to the incursions of such invaders than others, as an idea entertained by many, that all men should be able to pronounce on certain topics, whether they know any thing of the matter or not. This is especially the case in relation to literature, legislation and the fine arts; in consequence, almost every one talks of "style," "politics," and "nature," as if the repetition of any set of phrases gave proof that the user had an intuitive knowledge of the rules and beauties of composition, the principles of government, or the vast amount of well-directed observation necessary to fit us for understanding even the external appearances of nature.

On a slight stock of such phrases, occasionally eked out by a very superficial reading, a multitude of pretenders set up as leaders of opinion, and directors of public sentiment, and by dogmatical assertions, and oracular answers to the plainest questions, induce such as do not think for themselves (alas! an immense crowd) to suppose that they are really profound and judicious. Were this the limit of the evil, it would be of little consequence; but those who thus pretend, find it necessary to give examples of their great abilities by examining some contemporary work—their woe betide the unfortunate genius whose works are selected for this trial of their skill. They first show that the production is not "faultless," and having established this wonderful discovery, they go on to discover that it is all "faults," unless they find out what is the general opinion on the subject, which they not only adopt, but try to pass off as their own.

The object of such pretenders is not to perceive merits, but to prove themselves more knowing than their neighbours—they do not compare a recent work with former works of acknowledged excellence, (in the best of which there are trifling defects,) but test them by their own prejudices and misconceptions, which they exalt into importance, and fancy they are guided by a knowledge of nature, and a clear-sighted observation of what is correct, when in fact they are moved by no other spirit than that of ministering to the cravings of an exorbitant fancy.

Example is more impressive than precept. I will therefore present you with some sketches from undoubted originals, and these may serve as descriptions of similar characters in all parts of the world, as they are types of the principal genera and species of these creatures:

HUMBUG HOPTWIG, Esq. was descended from respectable parents, and some of his ancestors had been distinguished for talents, though Hoptwig himself was never suspected of having succeeded to any thing but the family estate. This placed him in a situation that gave him some influence, and caused him to desire more. His earliest and most remarkable propensity was to find fault, or sneer at every thing, so that his nostrils were in perpetual curl; and he derived so much pleasure from his criticism, as to lose no opportunity of enjoying it.

Hoptwig had only occasional opportunities of indulging in his favorite gratification, until he chanced to read the "Dictionary of Painters." What a glorious field presented itself to his view! What a harvest of faults and imperfections! What a feast for a spleenetic temper! The fine arts were then in their infancy in **—**, and the few artists who were making their first attempts had few advantages and no patronage. This determined Hoptwig to become their "Magnus Apollo," if not by aiding them to advance, at least by uttering his decisions on the fate of their works; and, to prevent men of genius from becoming too enthusiastic, he continually held before their eyes a mirror reflecting nothing but their faults, and sickened the timid, by his vain display of their imperfections, into lasting despondency.

In process of time, **Humbug Hoptwig, Esq.** passed in the eyes of those who knew no better for a great critic and patron of the fine arts; and persons, every way his superior in taste and judgment, submitted to his dictation and repeated his gossip. Poor artists flattened him, and were commanded to business and reputation—fiddling artists courted him, and were occasionally encouraged. A few of the superior class gave themselves no trouble about his praise or censure, as they knew his ignorance, pitied his vanity and conceit, and despised his arrogant presumption.

Hereafter I shall write to you again—whether on this subject or not, I cannot say; but you may always be sure of the good wishes of your friend, to serve,

OMICRON.

From the Liverpool Mercury, Oct. 29.

LA FAYETTE.—The United States of America, at this moment, presents to the world a spectacle still more sublime than that we have been feebly describing. We there see a whole people, as one individual, enthusiastically welcoming to their shores a man to whom they are endeared by the grateful recol-

lection of past services, rendered to the nation in the hour of imminent peril; the very crisis of their independence. Our readers will readily perceive that we allude to the brilliant reception of the veteran La Fayette by all classes of citizens of the United States.

To use the emphatic language of the American journalists, "The illustrious benefactor of America, the soldier, patriot and statesman of our revolution, the bosom friend and companion in arms of the immortal Washington, the steadfast friend of liberty all over the world, has come in his old age, and full of honours, to the country of his youthful glory, to witness its greatness and renown, to receive the congratulations of his surviving compatriots, and to become the guest of the nation—the guest of ten millions of grateful freemen. Welcome, La Fayette!"

The editor of the London Courier, who must have perused the journals describing the reception of La Fayette, with the kind of feeling with which it is said "the Devil looked over Lincoln," has made a feeble and malignant attempt to turn into ridicule a glorious exhibition of national gratitude, unprecedented in the history of the world. When the King of England condescended to visit Ireland, his majesty's reception was highly flattering, and was no doubt dictated by personal feeling; but we may be permitted to observe, without questioning the loyalty of those who shouted and threw up their caps on the occasion, that it is not only probable, but extremely natural, that they were also actuated by other feelings. Royalty is the fountain of power and honour; and as there is no nation on earth more wretched than the Irish, it was natural that they should be overjoyed to see amongst them a mighty prince, who certainly had the power, if he had the inclination, to confer upon them the most substantial blessings.

In the reception of La Fayette in the United States, the case is altogether different. The Americans have now nothing to expect or to wish from their illustrious guest, who, on his part, neither seeks, nor would condescend to receive, from them any recompence for his past service, except their gratitude; no wonder that so disinterested an exhibition of republican feeling should be sneered at by a courtier and tory, like the Courier, as it gives the lie to the slanders he and others have heaped upon the American people, whose moral character will be greatly exalted by their dignified reception of La Fayette. Gratitude is a virtue which is always accompanied by other good qualities. "Wherever I find gratitude in a poor man," says Swift, "I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man."

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS, FOR NOVEMBER.

Morning Dress.—Milanese robe of fine French lawn, elegantly ornamented down the front, and without side of the arms of the long sleeve with delicately wrought *cordon*. The petticoat ornamented with two broad tucks, one row of which finished the hem next the foot. The corsage made *en blouse* and the sleeve *en gigot*. Morning combett with broad lace *en dents de loups* next the face, and crowded with leaves of ribbon; sash fastened with a buckle in front instead of a bow, the ends descending to the knee. Black satin shoes.

Walking and Carriage Costume.—Pelisse of Japanese rose colour silk, elegantly trimmed all round with a rich sable fringe fur, and narrow satin roulleau, or silk braiding, down the sides in front, collar partially elevated, and surmounted by a ruff of Uring's lace. Arrangements had of black velvet, crowned with a beautiful plumage of black ostrich feathers—The waist of the pelisse encircled by a belt of the same material as the pelisse, fastened with a gold buckle. Reticule *en gibecier* of Japanese rose colour, and holly-leaf green riband.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN CHRONICLE.

MR. CARTWRIGHT.—A late New York "Statesman" contains an obituary notice of Mr. John Cartwright, well known as a most excellent performer on *Musical Glasses*, invented and tuned by himself. Mr. C. was an Englishman; he had been in this country about six years, during which time he visited most of our large towns and cities, delighting large and respectable audiences by the exquisite melody of the Glasses, and a beautiful display of splendid Philosophical Fireworks, also of his own invention, as rich and various as the mutable pictures presented by the Kaleidoscope. Than his, a nobler heart never beat—a firmer spirit never beat the bosom of mortality; the writer was intimate with him, and speaks from a thorough knowledge of his character. The first two stanzas following were composed, extempore, hearing the witching sounds produced by his skill, at a concert given at Philadelphia, in the year 1819; the last verse has been added since his decease:

So soft the heavenly strain arose,
The notes of each responsive close
Did seem the whispering voices dear
Of beings in a brighter sphere;
Each note a zephyr seemed to be,
Mild breathing o'er a waveless sea—
Wafting the raptured soul along
On wings of unembodied song.
Oh, may those sounds so soft, so dear,
Again a breathless audience cheer;
Again enchant the minstrel's soul,
And bid it spurn earth's base control;
Again the fair one's bosom swell,
Till spirit bids to earth farewell,
And, floating with the notes that rise,
A moment hail its native skies.
But, list!—Those strains no more shall rise
From earth's dull orb to greet the skies.

From the earth's dull orb to greet the skies.
The hoary minstrel's lay is done—
His earthy-ward journey now begun;
May Mercy mold her pinions lend,
And waltz to bliss the Poet's friend;
For he is known where bollow rolls,
His bosom shrined a noble soul.

BOSTON BARD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. Printers.—In my remarks on the observations of Mr. Grout, you inserted, uniformly, a **H** in the room of a **h**, in the word **échur**, &c. which I do not much regret, as being permitted to correct the error, I shall give further light on the subject of Mr. G.'s complaint. The word **échur**, or **éther**, (the new orthography,) is the same as **ether**, (a chemical preparation;) by which it will be seen that **H** has the sound of **th** in **think**, which is pronounced **hink**, while **ether**, (one of two or more, distributively,) is pronounced **échur**; by which it will be seen that **H** has the sound of **th** in **thorn**, pronounced **hb**. In the Pronouncing Spelling Book, however, the new orthography is only used as a mode of teaching the true pronunciation of words; but it does not change the mode of spelling in the least. If posterity should be disposed to adopt the new system of orthography, instead of the one now in use, they can do so. The Pronouncing Spelling Book will make children perfectly acquainted with both systems; and when the

present mode of spelling is laid aside, it will only be necessary to teach children to read without spelling, because the pronunciation will then be the true spelling. The new system, therefore, so far from *locking up* either the pronunciation or the meaning of words as they are now written, would permanently and uniformly fix the former, while the latter would be equally well understood.

A. KNEELAND.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

From late English papers received at New-York.

A dreadful fire had taken place in Fleet street. It commenced in the shop of Mr. Bond, linen draper, No. 87, and extended to several of the adjoining premises, and caused a destruction of property to nearly the amount of 100,000[£] sterling. No lives were lost. Another fire, the following day, totally destroyed the premises of Messrs. Wilkinson & Son, cabinet makers and upholsterers, No. 14 Ludgate street, and considerably injured the adjoining buildings. One fireman was missing, who was supposed to have perished in the flames.

From every part of Germany affecting details of the unprecedented devastations occasioned by floods are received. The rivers surcharged by long continued heavy rains have overflowed their banks, and damaged the adjacent districts.

The British Parliament was not expected to meet before the beginning of February. The King had another attack of the gout, which prevented him from going abroad. He was recovering. Sir Charles Stuart, the ambassador to France, had returned to London, and Viscount Granville had been appointed his successor. Sir Charles Bagot, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of the Netherlands. Mr. V. Fitzgerald, it is said, will proceed early in the spring to take on himself the duties of Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

London Nov. 1.—The trial of Fauntleroy, for forgery, took place on Saturday morning at the Old Bailey, before Judges Park and Garrow. He had retained Mr. Guerne, Mr. Brodrick, M'Alley, and Mr. C. Phillips, to conduct his defence; the attorney-general, Mr. Bolland and Mr. Law were for the prosecutor. The Attorney-General, in the course of his speech, mentioned one circumstance so extraordinary that he did not expect it would be credited, but for the clearness of the fact on which it was supported. It was a paper, in the prisoner's hand writing, found in a tin case in his private desk, containing the names of several noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, opposite to which were several sums amounting to 120,000 pounds stock, after which came the following remarkable words. "In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney, and sold out the above sums without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the dividends, but made no entries." **HENRY FAUNTLEROY.**

Bernews.—*May 7, 1816.*

And then this extraordinary postscript, also in the hand-writing of the prisoner. **P. S.** The Bank began first to refuse our acceptances, and to destroy our credit; we shall therefore smart for it. **H. F.** The prisoner read a long written defence with confidence and animation. He directed his address principally to the false imputation thrown upon him by the public press; declared that he had done was to save a sinking establishment. The prisoner then called 16 or 17 gentlemen of the first commercial rank. Mr. T. Wilson and Sir C. Forbes were at the head of the numbers—they gave him the highest possible character. The Jury returned at 9 minutes past 3rd verdict, *guilty of uttering—denied*. Mr. Justice Park, in a very impressive address to the prisoner, held out no hope of mercy. He did not pass sentence.

Nov. 2.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Petitions to the king are in circulation, praying an exercise of the Royal clemency in the case of Mr. Fauntleroy. A general petition, embracing this subject, and also praying for a modification of the criminal code, is also in circulation. On the 11th, interviews took place between Mr. F. and his wife, from whom it will be recollected, he separated at the church door, immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremony. She was accompanied by her son, who has often visited his unfortunate father since his confinement. Whatever difference may have existed between them—all was buried in oblivion and mutual forgiveness—and they parted with the strongest demonstration of affection—interrupted though that feeling was by ebullitions of sorrow, too overpowering for restraint.—Mr. Fauntleroy vouches great affection for his son. On a recent occasion he took a favorite seal from his watch, and presented it to the boy, with that solemn adjuration of remembrance, which probably no length of time will erase from a mind of sensibility. Mr. F. had for two or three days been somewhat indisposed, and the interview with Mrs. F. was succeeded by great weakness and depression. Mr. F. however, had regained that tranquil equanimity of mind which had previously given such consolation to his friends.

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Nov. 3.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 4.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 5.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 6.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 7.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 8.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 9.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 10.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 11.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

Nov. 12.—This morning the Council of Mr. Fauntleroy moved an arrest of judgment; it was however unsuccessful. Mr. Fauntleroy then rose and read an address in a very energetic and affecting manner, implored for the sake of his relatives that sentence of death might not be carried into execution. Sentence was passed by Mr. Common Sergeant on the capital convicts, thirteen in number, amongst whom was Mr. Fauntleroy.

ed devotion of the Mussulmans. He has just published a firman, ordering the women to dress less indecently, and cast less wanton looks upon the men.

Gouras has defeated the Turks at Negropont. He made many prisoners, among whom are two Pachas. Artia, which has been half-burnt, has fallen into the hands of the Greeks. In Epirus, the Greeks are encamped at Boula, half a league from Janina. The mountaineers of Mount Pendus and the neighbouring mountains are in a state of insurrection. The Sultans remain quiet.

A letter from Prince Mavrocordato, received in London, dated at his head-quarters at Lidoritz, Sept. 5, states that the operations of the Greeks against Artia, have been crowned with great success. Omer Pacha continued shut up at Caravansara. Mavrocordato entertained hopes of totally destroying him.

The Greeks in an engagement with the Turkish fleet on the 29th October, destroyed a Tripolitan frigate with 900 persons on board, and one brig with 300 persons.

The old Varaoki an Ipsario 81 years of age, has gone to Nafplio in Romania, to request the Greek government to cede to him the fortress of Navarino, in order to receive there, all the unfortunate families of Ipsario, and to permit him to build there new houses for their accommodation. He has a large sum of money with him, subscribed in Russia.



Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
TO A WATCH-MAKER.
On his birth-day at 21.

Let friendship hail with happy slate,
The time that marks thy boyhood done;
What were the marks of thy boyhood done?
Has reach'd the mark of twenty-one.
Come, clear the board! I and let us raise
Friendship's high lamp a joyful torch;
And serve us in the evening days,
So swiftly to our parting verge.
But we are soon'd to feel,
As doth the kindly Psalmist say;
For where is the wakening mind in play?
But let it work too hard and rough,
And wear the metal of our outh,
With such a heavy load as though
Of joy, or pain, its pivot were.
Now may a friend for friendship's sake,
And one whose manship thou has been,
Spare weighty services to make;
On the spot of import I ween,
Still in the foothold of the just,
Let all thy steppings be confid;
And keep a watch, lest earthly dust
Reunite the dust of earthly dust,
And may thy heart be often st^ong,
(The regulator is within,)
By daily observation.
Will keep thee right and free from sin.
Remembering that sin is thought;
This truth let honest Paul decide,
Like watches for the window bought,
Reck'd in his price, when life may stop,
Nor death's approach, by us be seen;
Attend! at that the winding up
Our mortal works may all be clean;
And then the soul with heat of heat,
And that art done with things of time;
O! may I prepare to meet
My brother in a better clime.

PHILIP.

COMMUNICATION.

MISSES. EDITORS.—Seeing in your paper a communication, expressing a wish to know the quotient of 0 divided by 0, I offer the following solution. It is well known that any number divided by an equal number, gives a quotient of 1, and I see no reason why a cypher divided by a cypher should not produce the same result. For instance,

1 divided by 1 gives 1

2 " " 2 " 1

3 " " 3 " 1

Now, it is evident, both divisor and dividend are equal in these examples, and the three quotients are each 1; and 0 by 0 gives 1.

HENRY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Messrs. EDITORS.—You can insert these original conundrums if you think proper, and oblige—M.

2st. How much less than a pint, will a full pint measure contain?

2d. What is that disagreeable, generally happens to Irishmen and Frenchmen before they reach New York?

3rd. What becomes of a vessel cast away on our Capes?

4th. My first, a bright and feeling dream,

That's often in my second sleep:

My second makes my first to glow,

But sometimes turns it into woe;

My whole—yes! often in the word

We read expressions quite absurd.

5th. My first near cities often found,

And here is plenty does about;

I often wander through the seas;

Being wafted by the western breeze:

My second tree productive bring,

As well in winter blasts as spring;

My all there's many living on,

'fa' where all fish, here, have gone.

My first's a grave, but often fill'd

With mortals ent'ring there self will'd,

And yet 'tis not the grave of death,

For there we draw the vital breath:

My second is of metal made,

And used almost in ev'ry trade;

And when you join it to my first,

It often covers it with dust.

7th. My first, made children all must be,

Who live to see maturity;

My second makes my first to fall,

As well as rise, and will appal,

I do believe, both great and small;

If to my whole you add an r,

'Twll help to guide the Theatre.

YANKEE TRICK.

During the late war, a small schooner, laden with silks, wine and brandy, belonging to Stonington, Massachusetts, was haled on her homeward bound passage from France, by a British armed brig, when the following dialogue took place between the commanding officer of the brig and the master of the schooner:

Officer. Schooner ahoy!

Yankee. Hallow!

Officer. Who commands that schooner?

Yankee. Why Brother Jonathan us'd to, but I do now.

Officer. Brother Jonathan! who the d—l is Brother Jonathan?

Yankee. Why you must be a durn'd fool, know Brother Jonathan—ev'ry body in town knows him.

Officer. Send your boat on board.

Yankee. I don't know whether I shd or not, for the boat's all saggy, and I ain't got no new clothes—Brother Jonathan's got a new coat, if he's amind to go, he may, but I'm sure I shan't.

Officer. Strike!

Yankee. Strike! why I ain't got nobody here to strike, but father, and he's cooking, and he's crazy; and if I strike him, he'll strike right back again, so it's no use.

Officer. What are you loaded with?

Yankee. Bale-goods, and hens, and hen's husbands, and hog-goblins, and long-f'd gentry.

Officer. Where are you bound to?

Yankee. S-t-o-n-i-n-g-t-o-w-n.

Officer. Where's your "bale goods?"

Yankee. There they be.

Officer. Why you fool, do you call them "bale goods?"

Yankee. Why sartin' don't you?

Officer. Where's your "hens and hen's husbands?"

Yankee. There they be, in that are coop here.

Officer. Where's your "hog-goblins?"

Yankee. There they be, in that are's tother great large coop there.

Officer. Where's your "long-f'd gentry?"

Yankee. There they be in that are's pig sty.

Officer. Have you any thing to drink on board?

Yankee. We had some rum when we come away, but the cag's away down under the load, and if you try, you can't git at it, so it's no use.

The British officer, having received but little satisfaction, and having, no doubt, become disgusted at the seeming ignorance of the Yankee, returned on board of his brig, and ordering Brother Jonathan on board the schooner, he left the poor simple creatures to take care of themselves!!! A few days afterwards, the vessel arrived at Boston, with a cargo valued at one hundred thousand dollars!

• By this time, Brother Jonathan had boarded the brig, where he was compelled to remain until the schooner was examined by the British officer.

• Pointing to some bundles of claphounds and shangles, which he took with him on his outward bound passage, as a covering for his cargo.

• Pray use the kindred brass upon the door.

SINGULAR CAPITULATION.

Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, having made war on the Emperor Conrad III., that prince besieged him in the Castle of Weinsburg, where he defended himself to the last extremity, but was at last obliged to surrender at discretion. The Emperor treated the person whom Guelph had sent to him to capitulate, with great civility, and gave his word that the duke and his troops should be permitted to pass through the imperial army un molested. The duke's lady, however, suspected some fatal design against her husband was concealed under this appearance of clemency. She therefore wished to make a more certain engagement than that of mere words. She sent a gentleman to the emperor, to demand from him safe conduct, not only for herself, but also for the other ladies and women that were in the castle; that they might be suffered to pass through, and be conducted to a place of security, and that they should also be at liberty to take whatever they could carry with them. To this request the emperor readily consented. The evacuation was made in the presence of the emperor and all his army; and every one was astonished when they saw, first the duchess, then countesses, baronesses, and other ladies of quality, whose husbands had offended against the emperor, each with difficulty carrying her lord on her shoulders. It had been supposed in the army, that when the duchess demanded this favour, it was only with a view to save their gold, silver, and jewels, and no suspicion was entertained of their real intentions. The emperor was astonished at the sight, and could not help being touched with the tenderness and courage of these ladies, who considered their husbands as their true treasure, which they esteemed more than gold or jewels. He recommended their fidelity to their husbands, treated them with a splendid dinner, and came to a sincere accommodation with Guelph and his companions.

BARBARY.

During the tyrannical dominion of the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, the prisoners were so speedily seized and condemned, that frequent mistakes occurred. On one occasion, an order was issued for executing several condemned prisoners, and to their names was accidentally added that of a man whose cause had not been tried, and he too was executed. Some time after, the judges gave orders to have this man brought before them for trial. They were informed that, in obedience to their former command, he had already suffered death, and proof was at the same time laid before them of his innocence. Most of the judges expressed great uneasiness on this occasion, but the Spanish lawyer observed, that what had happened, if rightly considered, ought not to give them much concern, since it was happy for the man's soul that he died innocent.

NAPOLEON.—General Kleber, who had

formerly been commander in chief, with a

strong opinion of his own desert, and the remembrance of his successful conduct, felt aggrieved at the appointment of another person above him, and with peculiar jealousy, that of General Bonaparte, who so young was already his commander. He often took occasion to display his mortification at holding the situation of a subaltern. It happened, on one occasion, that Napoleon ordered him to make a particular movement with his corps. Kleber, not disposed to perform this maneuver, from an opinion that it would not succeed, did not set well, contrasted with the almost heroic personal appearance of Kleber, Napoleon, who perceived the impression on the minds of his staff, with his usual piercing glance, changed at once his appearance, and with an unusual animation and brilliancy of tone, he called out, "Which of us is here above the other?" You, General Kleber, may have that advantage, by a head in height. Commit another act of insubordination, and you will lose that distinction!! Retire!"

From Smiles's "Philosophy on Natural History."

THE CAMELEON.

The Cameleon has been attributed the singular faculty of changing the colour of their skin, according to the colour of the substance on which they are placed, and of subsisting upon the air. This belief has arisen from the extraordinary size of their lungs, which they are capable of distending with air to such an enormous extent, as to fill nearly their whole body and render their skin somewhat transparent. Hence they are said to feed upon air. In this state of distension and semi-transparency, the skin becomes easily affected by every change of circulation; and consequently a change of colour is produced by the varying wants and passions of the animal, which influence both the quantity of respiration, and the tint of the blood.

SHREWISH THOUGHTS.

OLD BILLY thinks—there are more men practising physick than ever studied it well, and that if two-thirds were to quit it, there would be enough left to answer every needful purpose.

Old BILLY thinks—that if this country could exchange lazy, drinking young men, to the amount of one hundred industrious young farmers, it would be better for the girls.

Old BILLY thinks—that if the girls in 18 wait for all their seniors to marry before them, they will not all be married in 20 years.

Old BILLY thinks—if men would drink less whiskey, their families could afford to drink more coffee.

Old BILLY thinks—that people lay heavier taxes on themselves, than those laid by government.

Old BILLY thinks—when he sees a Justice of the Peace staggering about drunk, and swearing oaths that might choke an Algerine Pirate, that he does not well fit the place.

[Selected.]

MISSES. EDITORS.—I've somewhere read a little volume,

Quaintly expressing

"The miseries of life." In every column

Some incident distressing,

Would rouse, beyond control,

The sympathetic feelings of the soul:

But one (not least) the author has omitted,

Perchance it might have been to him unknown;

If not, he was (poor sufferer) to be pitied,

And so on—1—his troubles are my own.

It is—to have a neighbour or a friend,

("Some folks" will please attend)

Enter your door,

Some twenty times a day, or more,

Always without knocking—

An act to delicacy shocking—

And causing much confusion;

Catching your daughters, whether well or ill,

Perhaps your wife herself, "en dishabille,"

Quite unpared for such intrusion—

• If this produces some effect upon them,

(I mean the offenders,) I shall say no more;

If not, please print some slips with these words on them,

• Pray use the kindred brass upon the door.

LOVELINESS.

The following delineation by Lorenzo de Medici of the person and character of his heart's idol, will probably be found to comprehend nearly all the requisites of a charming woman:

"Her beauty was astonishing. She was of a just and proper height, her complexion fair, but not pale; blooming but not ruddy. Her countenance was serious, without being severe; mild and pleasant, without levity or vulgarity. Her eyes were lively, without any indication of pride or conceit. Her whole shape was so finely proportioned, that amongst other women, she appeared with superior dignity, yet free from the least degree of formality or affectation. In walking, dancing, or in other exercises which display the person, every motion was elegant and appropriate. Her sentiments were always just and striking, and have furnished materials for some of my sonnets; she always spoke at the proper time, and always to the purpose, so that nothing could be added, nothing taken away.—Though her remarks were often keen and pointed, yet they were so tempered as not to give offence. Her understanding was superior to her sex, but without the appearance of arrogance or presumption; and she avoided all error too common among women, who, when they think themselves sensible, become for the most part insupportable. To recount all her excellencies would exceed my present limits, and I shall therefore conclude with affirming, that there was nothing which could be desired in a beautiful and accomplished woman, which was not in her most abundantly found."

JOSEPH HOLLINSHEAD, and

JOSHUA HOLLINSHEAD, Executors

N. B.—The Property will be sold altogether, or in Lots, as may best suit Purchasers.

Nov. 25—18th

To be Sold, at Private Sale.

VALUABLE PLANTATION, situated in Township of Chester, County of New Jersey, the property of the late Benjamin Holme, deceased, lying on three public roads, and within two miles of Moorestown, ten miles from Philadelphia, and consisting of 100 acres of land, with a good Wood-Land, and several Landings, and a number of School Houses and other buildings.

Conditions.—This work will be printed in octavo, on fine paper and good type, and will contain 19 sermons for the use of the slaves, and 10 sermons for the use of the poor.

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